

Appalachian Saturday

Melody floats against
a summer breeze,
a series of sharps
cuts the course
of false modernism,
in a place which stands
a sentry
for long, sunny Saturdays
and a wisely place.

Here, the weekend is
for poetry and wine,
for sipping time
in hills which bear
the tales
of a million years.
Hills which know the
value of maybes in May

Appalachia surrounds me
with blue grass notes
and a sweet tea smile.

I am home.

~ Holly Michaels
Poetry